

In Threes and Fours

by Musical Fangirl

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-05-28 05:20:00

Updated: 2014-06-01 03:18:55

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:54:27

Rating: K

Chapters: 3

Words: 1,893

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: After the events of Dragons, Mates, and Children, life in Berk has changed yet again, some for the better, some for the worse. Here are the ups and downs of one of Hiccup and Toothless' children, their youngest Hanni, and her adventure in this new Berk, the only Berk she has ever known.

1. Chapter 1

In Threes and Fours

>I don't own HTTYD
This is my sequel to Dragons, Mates, and Children. I'm thinking it will be a trilogy at least, probably more.

>This begins six years after the end of Dragons, Mates, and Children.
This chapter is dedicated to outruncone8116, for getting on my tail about updating, take lessons from her guys!

>This one gets a bit confusing, so if you have any questions, feel free to ask in a review or PM, I'll answer if I can.<p>

"What do you think Momma?" I asked, entering the kitchen.

"You look beautiful Hanni," Momma said, giving me a smile, "Are you ready to go?"

"Yeah," I said, grabbing my jacket and pulling it on over my tunic, "Is Daddy already there?"

Momma nodded, "Sarah and Jamie are meeting us there," he said, giving me a hug and opening the door.

"Time to meet my dragon," I said, happily skipping out of the house.

...

"Jacob!" Hanni yelled, running up to where I was standing with my

Zippleback, Ginny. I was hoping to find my dragon partner today.

"Aren't you supposed to be waiting with the other kids, Princess?" I asked good-naturedly, ruffling her hair.

"Yeah, well the ceremony doesn't start for another ten minutes, so I decided to come see how you and our girls are doing," she said, feeding the left head some granite chips that had been soaked in a fish barrel. "How about Hermione? What do you think about that one?" she asked the head, stroking her nose. "I think it's good."

"And I think you're counting your chickens before they hatch," I said with a chuckle, "You've been trying to name her since you were four, what makes you think now will be any different?"

Hanni got that sparkle in her eye, the one that told me she was planning something. "You'll see," she said, running back to line up with the other kids who were about to enter the Academy.

The left head trailed after her, only to be stopped when Ginny wouldn't move. Shaking my head, I leaned against Ginny's flank, waiting for the first kid to enter the dragon pen.

"Who was that?" Henry asked, walking up behind me, his arms around my waist.

"Hanni," I said, looking up at him, "Where's Michael?"

"Here," Michael said, coming around Henry to stand in front of me. "Is she the one?"

"I think so," I said, leaning back into the warmth of my taller mate. "Ginny&Hermione seem to like her."

"Hermione?" both boys asked.

"She's been trying to name the left head since I was matched with Ginny. This one stuck."

"Well, I guess we'll see," Michael said, "She's just come through the gate."

I looked around Michael and saw that he was right. Hanni had just entered the pen and was slowly making her way through the swarms of dragons.

None of them were paying her any attention, none except for Ginny's left head, who was straining to go to her. I nodded to Ginny and she let Hermione drag her to Hanni.

Hanni giggled as Hermione nuzzled her, gently licking her hand. Hanni gave both heads some more stone chips and led them back over to where I was standing with Michael and Henry. "I told you so," she said when she reached us. "Who are you?" she asked Henry and Michael.

"We're Fred&George's rider," Henry said.

"Fred&George is Ginny&Hermione's mate," Michael added.

"Oh," Hanni said, instantly becoming shy. "It's nice to meet you then," she said with a shy smile.

"You seem like a nice girl Hanni," Henry said, kneeling in front of her.

"So we'll go easy on you," Michael said, kneeling next to his brother.

"For now," they said in tandem with mischievous grins.

Hanni giggled happily, giving each boy a hug around their neck before turning back to me. "Come on!" she said, grabbing my hand. "We have class!"

I groaned and followed Hanni into the Academy. This was going to be a long year.

2. Chapter 2

Two years later

"Hanni? What happened?" Jacob asked, opening the door to find me sobbing on the other side.

I flung myself onto him, sobbing into his shirt. "D-Daddy's sick. J-Jess said he might not make it."

I felt Jacob nod and lead me into the house, sitting me down in a chair and pressing a cup of water into my hand. "I'll go get the boys," he said softly, brushing a few strands of hair out of my face. "I'll be back."

I nodded, sipping my water and trying to calm myself down.

As I finished my water, I heard Henry and Michael running down the stairs.

"What happened Sweetheart?" Henry asked, sitting on my right, Michael on my left, and Jacob on the floor in front of me.

"Daddy's dying," I whimpered, burrying my face in Henry's chest. "Momma's been crying all night and I don't know what to do."

"It'll be okay baby," Michael said, kissing the top of my head. "We're here for you."

"I don't want to lose him," I whimpered, "He's not supposed to die. We still need him."

"Toothless has gotten out of more than one sticky situation before, he can do it again," Jacob said. I could hear the smile in his voice, but it was forced.

Sniffing, I sat up and smiled at Jacob. "You're right, Daddy will pull through."

...

Nervously, I knocked on the door in front of me.

"Yes?" Hiccup asked tiredly, opening the door.

"Hanni told me what's been happening and I wanted to help," I said.

Hiccup gave me a sad smile. "I know you want to help Hanni, but all you can do is help Hanni through this," he said.

"Is he really dying?" I asked, my voice lowering to almost a whisper.

Hiccup nodded, glancing back over his shoulder as the sound of a racking cough filled the house. "We don't know what it is, but it's killing him," Hiccup whispered. "Can you keep Hanni out of the house? Please?"

"Of course I will," I said, "Whatever you want me to do. But you can't keep her away from him forever."

"I know, Hiccup said softly, "J-Just keep her out of the house for a few days."

"I better get back home," I said, seeing that Hiccup wanted to get back to Toothless. "I'll keep Hanni for a couple of days, but I can only promise two days."

"Thank you," Hiccup said, closing the door and I could hear him slumping against the door and sobbing for a second before slowly walking away from the door.

I listened to Hiccup for a moment before running, away from the house, away from the village, away from everything that was happening. I ran until I couldn't run any more, then I laid down on the grass and cried, for Hanni, for Hiccup, for the village, for Toothless, for everything that was lost to us and everything that we were losing.

...

"Have you guys seen Jacob?" I asked, watching Henry and Michael with Fred&George.

"He went for a walk a while ago," Henry said, looking up at me from the training floor.

"Is he not back yet?" Michael asked.

"No, he said he'd be back in time for training," I said, biting my lip. "I'm going to go look for him."

"Be back by dark!" Henry called after me.

"With or without Jacob!" Michael added.

"Yes sirs," I called back, motioning for Ginny&Hermione to follow me.

...

"Jacob, what are you doing here?" Hanni asked, sitting next to me, drawing her knees up to her chest.

"Just thinking," I said, sitting up like she was.

"You must have been thinking hard. You've been out here for a while. What have you been thinking about?"

"A lot of stuff. Dragons, magic, mating, us. Are the boys worried?"

"A bit, we have time to talk though. What brought on this bout of thought?"

"I went to talk to your momma," I said, "I'm not sure your dad will make it much longer."

"I know," she said, leaning against me. "I'd always thought I'd be grown and have kids before..." she trailed off, wiping tears from her eyes. "But if it's going to be now, I don't even want to think about it."

"I'll be okay Princess," I said, pulling her closer with one arm. "As long as we're together. You'll see."

3. Chapter 3

Four years later

"Do you know what today is?" Jacob whispered into my ear, wrapping his arms around me.

"Tuesday?" I asked innocently, tilting my head to the side so he could have better access to my neck.

"I think you know what it is," Jacob said. "Henry and Michael will be home soon. And then they'll be ours for the whole week."

I hummed in agreement, wrapping my arms around his neck and turning so our lips met. "I'm not sure I want to wait for them," I whispered, breaking away from Jacob a bit.

He gave me a grin, the one that told me he had a trick up his sleeve. "Well," he said slowly, trailing kisses down my neck, "How about we move this upstairs and give our boys a show when they get home?"

I returned Jacob's smirk, "I like the way you think," I said, recapturing his lips, "I know there was a reason I fell in love with you."

Jacob growled and picked me up bridal style, carrying me up to the bedroom, shutting the door behind us with his foot.

-

>Nine Months Later<p>

"Daddy?" I said softly, opening the door. "Momma said you wanted to see me."

"Yeah," Daddy said, sitting up and letting out a wheezing cough, "Come here," he said, motioning for me to sit in the chair next to the bed.

I sat in the chair, mindful of both my father's illness and the bundle in my arms.

"Is that him?" Daddy asked, seeing how careful I was being.

I nodded, "His name is Timothy. Do you want to hold him?"

Daddy held out his arms and I placed my son in them. "The boys have his sisters downstairs, Tiana and Taylor. Michael turned out to be just like his father and carried them both."

Daddy nodded, smiling down at Timothy, his first grandson. Jamie had two daughters and Sarah had two. Rachel had a son, but I never saw the same warmth in Daddy's eyes when he played with him, back before he got sick.

"He looks just like you," I said after a few minutes, "Momma says he'll probably be a Grandpa's boy."

Daddy kissed Timothy on the head and carefully handed him back to me. "Take care of him Hanni," he said softly, "He has a big future ahead of him." And with that, Daddy laid back and closed his eyes for the last time.

I pulled the blanket up over his head and left the room.

"Hanni?" Jacob asked, seeing the tears in my eyes as I came back down.

"He died," I said, sitting down at the table.

Momma nodded sadly, "I'm suprised he held on this long. It was just his will-power keeping him alive in the end."

"I don't know what we'll do without him," I whispered.

"We'll figure it out baby," Michael said, wrapping an arm around me, "We always have."

End
file.